

[24/06/06][17:54:53] -

Title: PARTING VERSES

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As they lower me down,

To this hole in the
ground,

I scream for help,

But they can't hear a
sound.

I scratch on this lid,

My fingers they bleed.

They plant me deep,

Like an evil seed.

Now my bones decompose,

My flesh doth rot,

But soon I will rise,

And torture the lot.